

Good Evening!

By BIDE DUDLEY

Which is the train for Slumberland?

The train for Slumberland?
It runs o'er the Still and Peaceful Route;It's guided by Father Sand;
It makes no noise as it flies along
Through Valleys of Nod, so grand.That is the train for Slumberland,
The train for Slumberland.

Who takes the train for Slumberland?

The train for Slumberland?
The wee soldier boy, who's spent the dayAt drilling a tin command,
And the drowsy girl who's cared so wellFor her babies of paper brand,
These take the train for Slumberland,

The train for Slumberland.

When leaves the train for Slumberland?

The train for Slumberland?
It starts on its trip when night draws nigh,Its journey completely planned,
And then when the sun in eastern skiesResembles a golden band,
Back comes the train from Slumberland,

The train from Slumberland.

OBSERVATIONS.

Now that daylight saving is over,
What did you do with the daylight you saved?

B. Bluch writes us to say he considers the Ex-Kaiser's plan to marry an excellent one.

A split in the Ku Klux Klan is reported. Wonder how much was split and who split it?

So Babe Ruth is the daddy of a girl, eh? We'll bet she has "walked" the Bambino frequently.

A New Jersey man killed himself because he couldn't find real beer. He must have been terribly lazy.

THE KING'S BOOTLEGGER.

(A tale of romance and rye. Start it to-day.)

The Kingdom of Tootleheim was dry. The people had voted it so because King John, when intoxicated, invariably insisted on fighting with the ragman whose shanty was on the bank of the River Dunk. This obsession on the part of the King was exceedingly annoying to the Monarchists who were rather austere.

Hemmingway Floosh, scion of the old family of Floosh, of fashionable Freepport, L. I., was an important figure in the social life of Tootleheim. He had come there in search of a beautiful girl whose picture he had seen in the Musty Stories Magazine, of New York. Little had he suspected that she was old King John's daughter, Princess Fanny of Poppermint. When the dry law was enacted Floosh was in dire financial straits. He saw in it, however, a chance to acquire wealth and to win the friendship

POEMS OF PREFERENCE

Cells of South Amboy, N. J., has entered the mate contest with a firm desire to win the Walla Walla, Wash., city directory, offered for the best rhyme. Incidentally, she wants a hand-picked husband and this is how she describes him:

I am a country brunette,
I want a blue-eyed blond,
A N. Y. darling of no regret,
Of whom I can be fond.He must be very nice
And never must get sore,
And when I kiss him twice
Must ask for more and more.I do not want him slow,
For me he's got to pine,
And if he has some dough
He'll be just superfluous.

of King John. The American, handsome though he was, had one blemish. When he talked his "s" carried a distinct whistle with it and every dog in the Kingdom used to follow him around wondering what he wanted.

It was eventide on July 23, Princess Fanny stood at her window.

At that moment the ragman was seen passing the castle and old King John, who had been drinking like a fish, rushed out. The usual fight followed.

Just as the King received a smash on his Royal nose, Floosh, the American, arrived on the scene. Pulling the ragman off the ruler, he said:

"I'm surprised."
Seventeen dogs rushed up.
Princess Fanny was thinking deeply,
(To Be Continued.)

Our Own Book Reviews.

We do not agree with Count Wahoo Bimble when he says, in his latest novel, "Taxicab Tessie," (Boothman Press) that a woman's love is the prize of human emotions. Evidently the Count has never met a girl from the homespun districts. Nevertheless, his romantic story of Tessa's affair with Toady Allen, the handsome yegg, is fascinating and should be read by every religiously-inclined person in America. Throughout the entire narrative we think we detect an effort to impress on the minds of the diplomats of Turkey and Greece the folly of their ideas. However, whether or not "Taxicab Tessa" has any effect on the international situation, we say without hesitation it is the best story of love and mystery that has flowed from the prolific pen of Count Wahoo in all his long writing career. And this means much when one recalls the fact that it was he who wrote "The Most Laughable Old Man and Woman in the World."

Al Asks a Favor.

Al Pinkston says he wrote his Uncle to turn the hands of his (Al's) watch back an hour Sunday morning and hopes he did it. Wellsville Optic.

AND NOW PERMIT US to suggest that the time to attend to other people's affairs is when you are paid for it.

About Plays and Players

FROM the offices of William A. Bray we learn that the much discussed play by the Czechoslovakian authors, Caryl and Josef Capek, "The Insect," will be produced at the Johnson Theatre on Oct. 23. More than 200 actors will be used. In Prague this play was called "The Life of the Insect." In London, where Nigel Playfair has it in rehearsal, the title is "And So, Ad Zahntum."

"DOLLY JORDAN" OCT. 2.
"Dolly Jordan," John Cort's latest production, which was to have opened at Daly's Theatre (formerly the 63d Street Music Hall) Wednesday evening, will not go on display until next Monday. More time is needed to remodel the house.TO JOIN MINSKY SHOW.
George Stone and Etta Pillard have cast their lot with the new Minsky musical Revue at the Park Music Hall. They join the cast this week.

ITS CAST COMPLETE.

The complete cast of "The Ever Green Lady," opening at the Punch and Judy Theatre Oct. 7, is composed of Bert Mercer, J. M. Kerrigan, Robert W. Haines, Elsie Edmond, Beatrice Miles, Jack Murlagh, Thomas F. Tracey, Andrew Corday, Albert E. Powers, Frances and Jimmy Lapsley and Sam Janney.

GOSSIP.

The Johnnies are pestering them Winter Garden chorus gals again. Eddie Dowling used to be a plumber. And his brother was wealthy, too.

Percival Knight's new play, "Thin Ice," comes to Broadway next week. Dangerous title, that!

The guests of the Actor's Home will see "The Torch-Bearers" Wednesday afternoon, at the Vanderbilt.

Orlando's Horse, at the Hippodrome, will change their act to-day. They do something new each week.

Charles Peyton has given the San Francisco Elks an old etching of Jenny Lind. He is with "Springtime of Youth."

Harry Dornton has been engaged by Charles Dillingham as stage director of the "Loyalties" company.

Miller and Domsche will launch their new play, "The Invisible Empire," at Lynchburg, Va., Wednesday.

Fisher White and Frederick Worlock, English actors, will support Elsie Ferguson in "The Wheel of Life."

Buddy Kennedy wishes it known to the world that he will remain as leading juvenile on the Strand Roof.

"That Day," produced by the Belmont Theatre Company, will open in Lancaster, Pa., to-night.

St. Joseph Council, No. 443, Charles of Columbus, will see "Sun, Dear" at the Bijou Theatre to-morrow night.

JOE'S CAR

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Right Over the Plate!



THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Now He Knows It!



LITTLE MARY MIXUP

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A Bow-Wowing Acquaintance!



KATINKA

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Her Face Is Her Mis-Fortune!



BEAUTIFUL BAB



Yvonne Figures She Couldn't Lose!

HOW IT COULD BE DONE.

A young woman appeared in the office of a certain theatrical producer yesterday and said:

"I want to go on the stage."
"What can you do?" he asked.

"Well," she replied, "I can't sing much and I'm not a dancer, but I'd like to get into a musical comedy."

KIDDING EMMETT.

At the Lambda the other day, just before Emmett Corrigan left for the

39th Street Theatre to assume his role in "The Monster" for the first time, he was handed \$4 in quarters by fellow club members.

"We were going to wire you best wishes, but decided we'd give you the money instead," explained one.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

It's a pretty slow theatrical man.

ger who cannot think up at least 100 excuses for bad business.

FOOLISHMENT.
I met an oyster face to face.
He smiled at me with fitting grace.

PUT IT IN THE ACT.

"Has Jones done well?"

"I'll say so. His wife is wearing an anthracite necktie."

I'd never seen an oyster smile
And so I turned and ran a mile.

—B. D.